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The dolce-amara from above,  
Sweet solaces, allied to woe.

Give us to feel, Oh, God! avert  
Insensibility's dull reign;  
Give us to feel, e'en though the pain  
Of feeling rend the heart in twain.

These deep, these solemn-sounding airs,  
Those o'er the heart which lightly fly,  
Mix'd by that hand that tun'd the spheres,  
Compose the general harmony.

S.A.

---

THE MOTHER.

WITH ardent hope, and fond desire,  
I bid this little chapel rise,  
To kindle here the sacred fire  
I ow'd to all the charities.

Here will we build, my mate and I,  
(I thought), the dear domestic nest,  
Bless God for blessings snatched away,  
And thankfully enjoy the rest.

Fond thought, conceiv'd in flattering hour,  
The halcyon builds upon the wave,  
The storms arise, the gulfs devour,  
And unavailing prayer to save.

One darling sav'd, I reach'd the shore,  
With wild emotion call'd my son:  
He's fled, but in his place appear  
The angel RESIGNATION.

S.A.

---

HORACE, BOOK III., ODE 19.

"O Fons Bandusia, splendidior vitro," &c.

FOUNTAIN Bandusia, more clear than  
glass,  
Worthy of richest nectar, crown'd with  
flowers:

To-morrow in thy name a kid shall bleed,  
Whose forehead rough with newly bud-  
ding horns,

On Venus meditates, and many a war,  
In vain: for soon this firstling of the herd  
Shall tinge with his red blood the gelid  
stream,

The flaming dog-star in his deadliest hour  
Dares not profane thy consecrated seat:  
Thou to the oxen weary with the plough,  
And to the vagrant flock with heat op-  
press'd,

Suppliest the pleasant cool. Thou too  
shalt rank

Among the noble fountains, when I sing  
The oak that overshades the cavern'd  
rocks,  
Down which thy ever-babbling waters  
bound.

C.E.

---

EPICRAMMATIC DIRGE ON THE DEATH OF A  
FAVOURITE CAT, WHO DIED, AGED EIGHT  
YEARS AND TEN MONTHS.

POOR Bossy died this day,  
She liv'd as long as she could,  
Oh! had she liv'd till May,  
She had made the saying good.

Poor Bossy had twice four years run,  
Had life not been shorten'd by fate,  
(For a life count a course of the sun.)  
She had liv'd her nine lives complete.

PATHOS.

---

SELECTED POETRY.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

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GENTLEMEN,

THE following song appeared in the  
papers about two years ago, in a very dif-  
ferent form; and perhaps I would not have  
thought any more about it, if I had not  
been informed lately, that it had been pub-  
lished in an American paper. I own I was  
a little flattered by the account; but as it  
contained some expressions that I wished  
corrected, I have taken the liberty of send-  
ing it to you, requesting, if you think it  
worthy of insertion, a corner of the Bel-  
fast Magazine. I confess I would be high-  
ly gratified to find they had obtained your  
approbation.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

J. GETTY.

Ballytresna, March 15th, 1813.

A SONG.

Tune, "Humours of Glen."

How fresh is the rose in the gay dewy  
morning,

That peeps with a smile o'er yon eastern  
hill!

How fair is the lily our gardens adorn-  
ing!

And fresh is the daisy that blooms by  
the rill!

But **MARY**, the rarest, the fairest, sweet  
 flower,  
 That ever adorn'd the green banks of the  
 Main :  
 Compared with whose beauty, the eglan-  
 tine bower,  
 The rose and the lily, how trifling and  
 vain !

How lovely her bosom, where friendship  
 and feeling  
 Still heave for misfortune, the dear, ten-  
 der sigh !

How sweet are her looks, ev'ry beauty  
 revealing,  
 And mild is the lustre that beams in her  
 eye !

The blush of her cheek still outrivals Au-  
 rora,  
 When beauty and music awake the young  
 dawn,

And sweeter her smile than the smile of  
 sweet Flora,  
 When cowslips and daisies bedeck the gay  
 lawn.

And O ! lovely maid ! may thy beauties  
 still flourish,  
 Unnipp'd by the blast of misfortune's  
 rough gale !

May virtue attend thee, thy goodness to  
 nourish,  
 And no ruffian hand the sweet blossom  
 assail !

May fortune's best smiles, lovely maid, ne-  
 ver leave thee,  
 Through life's fleeting scenes, as thou  
 journey'st along,  
 And curst be the villain would seek to de-  
 ceive thee,  
 Or offer thy virtue and innocence wrong !

Let lordlings exult in their titles and trea-  
 sure,  
 Where courts and where grandeur ex-  
 tend their proud blaze ;  
 And proud city beauties may listen with  
 pleasure,  
 While poets unblushing re-echo their  
 praise ;  
 No more shall they boast of the city or pa-  
 lace,  
 Bedeck'd with rich beauties, a gay gilded  
 train,  
 For now there's a fairer adorns our green  
 vallies,  
 'Tis Mary, sweet Mary, the flower of  
 the Main !

---

DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN ARTS, MANUFACTURES,  
 AND AGRICULTURE.

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*Extracts from an Essay, No. 16, on the ma-  
 nagement of light in Illumination; by Ben-  
 jamin Count of Rumford, F.R.S.*

**T**HE art of illumination, although it is  
 undoubtedly one of the most useful  
 that have been invented by man, and con-  
 tributes perhaps more than any other to  
 his comfort and convenience, in all coun-  
 tries and in every class of society ; it has,  
 nevertheless, been little cultivated : it has  
 not even been considered as an art ; for the  
 technical terms have not yet been invented,  
 which are indispensably necessary in order  
 to render it possible to treat of it in a clear  
 and satisfactory manner.

My attention was first turned to this in-  
 teresting subject in the year 1789, when,  
 being actively engaged in the public ser-  
 vice of the late Elector Palatine, reigning  
 Duke of Bavaria, I was employed by his

Most Serene Highness in establishing bot-  
 ses of industry for the poor, in the cities of  
 Mannheim and Munich. In lighting up  
 these spacious establishments, I first learnt  
 to know how much room there was for  
 improvement in the art of illumination :  
 and since that time, the subject has fre-  
 quently been the object of my meditations,  
 and of a variety of experimental researches.

It was with a view to the prosecution of  
 these investigations, that I contrived the  
 photometer for measuring the relative in-  
 tensities of the light emitted by luminous  
 bodies, which is described in the first vo-  
 lume of my Philosophical Papers, page  
 270. With the assistance of that instru-  
 ment, I determined the relative quantities  
 of light that are emitted in the combustion  
 of the various inflammable substances most  
 commonly used in procuring light, viz. of  
 bees-wax, tallow, and several of the fat